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No. 7.

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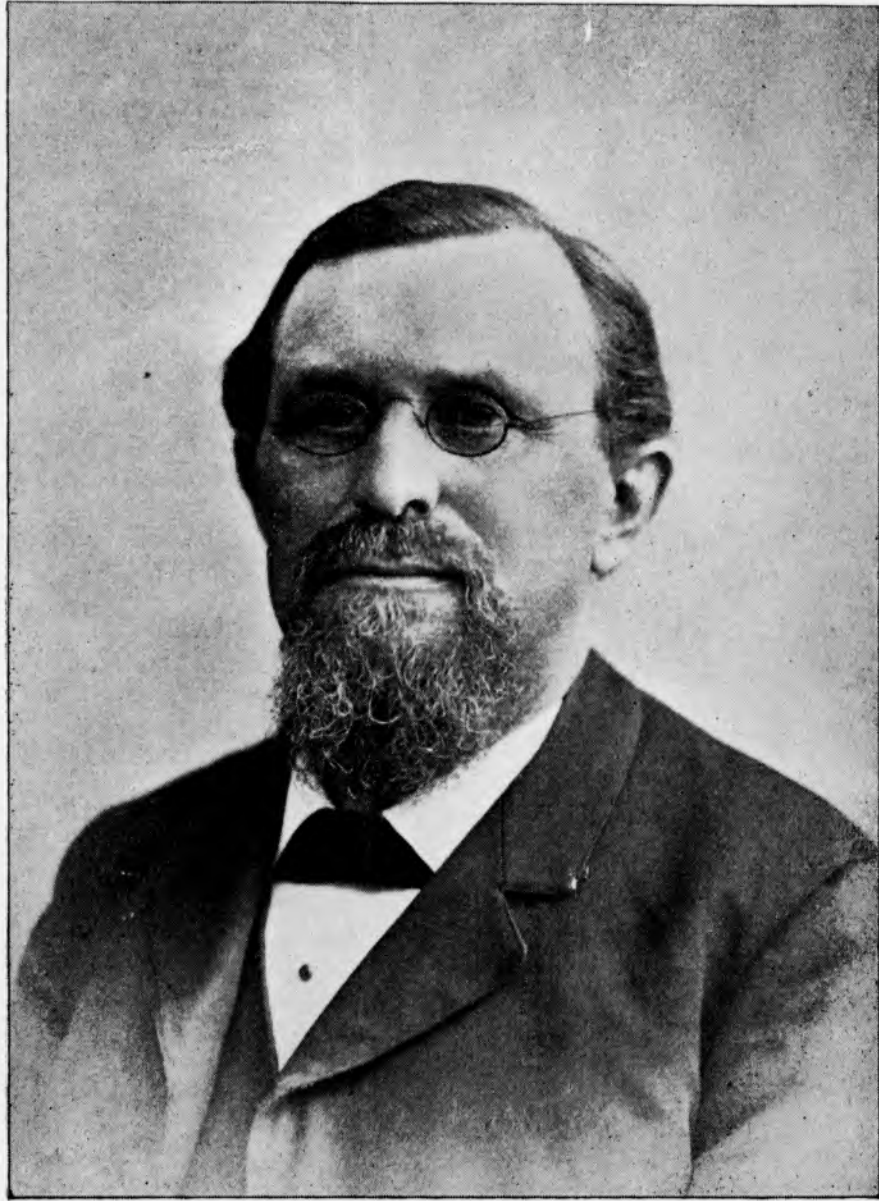
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. 7.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

THE students returning from their vacation miss the kind, genial face of Professor Stanley. When last we saw him, his sturdy frame and healthy countenance gave promise of many years of active labor; but his hearty wish of "a pleasant vacation" will never be repeated. His simple, truthful life attracted the students and awakened in them a responsive chord of friendship and love. There was no conventionality to admire; if anything worthy was discovered, it was Professor Stanley himself. He did not attempt to be what he was not. He was always the same, patient, helpful, and kind.

His thoughtful, studious life made him an accurate teacher. In the class-room he allowed no point to go unexplained. With the utmost patience and forbearance he would explain the difficult places over and over again. No student need hesitate to make his doubts known; for a question kindly put always was sure of a kind reply. His recitations were not dull and uninteresting, for, together with his technical habits, he possessed a humorous and witty nature. His face would often light up while making some well-worded reply to tedious and uncalled for questions or remarks. He

was not wanting in a fund of interesting stories with which to illustrate and explain. Conducting his recitations as he did, he kept the mind in a keen, receptive condition.

The Y. M. C. A. will miss his hearty co-operation. He was scarcely ever absent from its meetings, and always took an active interest in its welfare. We shall never forget his earnest talks which indicated a strong, Christian manhood.

He took a deep interest in all worthy students, especially the indigent, and was zealous in his endeavors to find them work and means to complete their college course. If he seemed to misjudge, it was because, being true himself, he placed much stress on the manliness and sincerity of others. He was, however, never exacting but always kind and patient with those who in any way showed themselves worthy of his regard. His whole life was such as to inspire one with simple, noble purposes.

While thus respected and loved for his very worth and integrity his labors ended. Ended? Ah, no, a life worthily lived never ends! A man's specific labors may cease, but their influence, never. All good will remain a permanent factor in fashioning the ages that are to come. Thus the life of Professor Stanley is not contracted, it is rather augmented and set free. Free to live forever.

WHILE we lament the death of Professor Stanley, we welcome in his place one of whom we have always heard only words of esteem and praise. Though only three years out of college,

Mr. Hartshorn has already won a high reputation as a teacher and a scholar. Those who know him will not doubt that his abilities will place him among the foremost in his chosen profession. His thorough scholarship, fairness, pleasant manner, and uniform courtesy cannot fail to make him respected and liked by all who may enjoy his instruction. We sincerely hope he will ultimately be chosen to occupy the now vacant professorship.

TOO much cannot be said in favor of thorough, comprehensive study. Brilliant surface-work may make the valedictorian, but can it ever make the well-read man? Every study should be but the center of a circle whose radius, reaching out even to infinity, shall gather light to pour upon it from every source. Apply this to our study of Homer's Iliad. Too often the radius ends with grammar and lexicon, but it should include Classical Dictionary, books about Homer, etc., etc. Moreover, two hundred and twenty of the two hundred and seventy pages of our text-books are explanatory notes, and why, think you, is this?

The sciences, perhaps, require even more collateral study than the languages. Here other text-books on the same subject are useful. Do not neglect the little points. In literature too much attention is apt to be paid to the men, and too little to their times. A knowledge of the life and times of Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Goldsmith is what makes us understand their works. "But," you say, "it takes too long to look up all these things."

Granted, but does it not pay? It takes longer to build a highway than a foot-path, but which is overgrown with weeds the sooner! So build thoroughly and look out for the little pebbles which may some time trip you up.

—

THERE are three factors in college life, the disregard of which lessens greatly the benefits of the course. These are the use of the library, the interest in the literary societies, and the proper conduct in recitation. All things taken into consideration, probably the student will find no such opportunity for beneficial and extensive reading as his college library offers. It is chosen especially to meet the wants of students for recreative, critical, and instructive reading. The student should not confine himself during his course to one line of reading, as fiction or biography, but should endeavor to acquire the habit and method of getting the most from the library as a whole. Devotion of time to special lines will follow in after life.

Next and very closely connected with the work in the library is the work of the literary societies. Many students, on account of bashfulness and inexperience in such matters, simply attend the meetings taking no part themselves. This is not right. Whatever literary society a student belongs to, that is his own society, and it is his duty to take an active part in its work. Proficiency in extemporaneous debate is an accomplishment which every college man and woman should strive to attain. It is conducive to quick, continued,

and consecutive thought. It enlarges one's vocabulary and forms the habit of expressing thoughts grammatically. More than all, however, it gives one the power of self-control.

The third factor, proper conduct in recitation, is not apparently very closely related to the other two. It shows, however, the make up of the man. Interest in one's own educational advancement will manifest itself in interest in others' advancement. The mind under certain circumstances may be capable of accomplishing two things at the same time, but the recitation ought not to offer the time nor the condition of such mental effort. Silliness, laziness, disinterestedness, or inattention are not qualities which should be cultivated in the class-room. These distract the attention of those who wish to profit by the instruction, and they also waste the time of the instructor. The teacher who has thoroughly prepared himself for the recitation can ill afford to have his time occupied in, first of all, arousing the attention of young men and women in the subject under consideration. A student should always be interested in his work, and all the help which an instructor can give will be none too much. Development is the aim of the college student, and every moment of the four years' college course, if profitably filled will but scarcely begin the process.

—

IT is said that gratitude is a trait of a noble soul. Why is not reverence also? It is an expression of two of

the deepest emotions of the soul, fear and love. The noblest men that ever lived were reverent men. Moses, David, Paul, Luther, Homer, Socrates, Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Lincoln, who would think of them as showing irreverence for anything or anybody worthy of reverence! Yet many, especially the young, seem to think it a distinction to show irreverence. They ridicule the old, scoff at the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart, sneer at religion, and even make light of their Creator. Nothing is safe from the noisy sallies of their would-be wit. The word "rattle-headed" seems coined expressly to name such people. Like an empty cart on a rough country road, their own noise drowns all other sounds. If they would only be still a little, they might hear some of the grand melodies of nature, or catch the strains of the broken but sweeter music that "Rolls from soul to soul," or even hear some faint echo of the eternal anthem that swells around the throne of God. Only to the reverent student does Nature unlock her rarer treasures. Only to the reverent mind comes the "Music of the spheres." Only to the reverent soul is granted an entrance into the holy places of other souls. Only to the reverent heart does the hand of Infinite Love appear in all things. In such company irreverence has no place. Would you, O babbling chatterer, know any of these things? Then be still, and, in the awful silence of your own emptiness, learn to be reverent.

EVERY student entering upon the duties of college life has a purpose. Though he may at the same time have

some future purpose in view, yet he has a present purpose, namely, to secure a college education. Some boys come to college for the mere purpose of playing ball, but these are not students. All students, however, agree in present purpose; but as every one does not have a true conception of what constitutes a true college education, so every one does not employ the necessary means of attaining the purpose in view. Some students, perhaps, begin college life with the idea that the intellectual development derived from the class-room and text-books includes all there is in a college education. This is a serious mistake. The purpose of a college education is to give a harmonious development of all the natures,—physical, moral, social, and religious, as well as intellectual. Such a development, indispensable to true success in life, the class-room, and text-books can not give. Such a development should be the student's object; for the neglect of any one of these natures necessarily impairs some or all the others, because they are not wholly independent of each other.

Now a little exercise rightly conducted will meet the demands of the physical nature. It helps to keep the body in a healthy condition. It tends to make a lively mental activity instead of a sluggish one, firm muscles instead of flabby ones, expanded chests instead of pinched ones, and square shoulders instead of round ones. Yet notwithstanding the importance of these things, many sacrifice them for the sake of a little more intellectual work, and then complain of their declining health.

The religious and literary societies

are of especial value. The former cultivates the spiritual nature and consequently raises the moral standard; the latter afford excellent opportunities for improvement in writing and speaking. In the literary society one may acquire an ability for extemporaneous speaking, an acquirement that can not be obtained from the text-books or the class-room.

These exercises are the little things in college life that give the finishing touches. Therefore the writer would say to every member of the Freshman class, do not let these things pass without gaining some good from them. Do not make the same mistakes that others in the classes above you have made; do not dispense with physical exercise because you think you can get along without it; do not disregard the religious exercises because they consume a few moments of your time; do not hesitate to become an active member of one of the literary societies because society work demands the sacrifice of a few Latin and Greek roots. Take hold of these with enthusiasm and then you will be on the direct road to a harmonious and comprehensive development,—college education in the true sense of the term.

— — —

THAT there is something to be said against co-education, as well as much in its favor, is not to be denied; but whatever arguments are to be offered should be in a fair and gentlemanly way. Such has not been the case with the last two issues of the *Bowdoin Orient*. In speaking of a recent difficulty at a neighboring insti-

tution, it has used arguments and expressions that but ill become those claiming to be gentlemen. Of the incident itself we have no wish to speak, but only of the comments made upon it. The words in favor of college freedom we fully endorse, recognizing how much it means in the student's development; but we can not agree that turning the hose into a lady's apartment was not a case where the Faculty should interfere. A senseless doggerel in a later issue speaks of the necessity of equality in everything when the sexes are educated together. But to say that this should include hazing is to show an utter disregard for social usage. It is like saying that because women enter society as the equals of men they are entitled to no courtesy. Now, because men and women are members of the same college, it is no reason why their relations should change, why she should become any less a lady or he any less a gentleman. Though they are equal in all contests in which a woman may participate as in society, she yet commands respect and deference, and this every true gentleman will grant. It may be better for ladies to be educated at a separate college, but if gentlemen cannot preserve a proper dignity among ladies, they should surely go to a separate college beyond temptation for such rowdyism.

Again, this is not the "natural outcome of co-education," where the common usages of society are observed as at Bates. It is rather the natural outcome of such ungentlemanly instincts as prompted the perhaps thoughtless

act itself and its deliberate support by the *Orient*.

♦♦♦

LITERARY.

"UNTO THE HILLS."

By N. G. B., '91.

Up to the mighty hills of God
I lift mine eyes,
Beyond whose summits lie the gates
Of Paradise.

Within the mountain's heart the strength
Of God lies deep;
Unheeded o'er its rugged sides
The storm-winds sweep.

Deep in the mountain's heart there lies
God's peace divine;
Fearless the timid song-birds dwell
'Mid fir and pine.

On every sun-crowned peak there dwells
Eternal rest;
The noisy strife of earth is hushed
On each fair crest.

The message of the hills rings clear;
Their strength is mine;
Filled with God's perfect peace, I wait
His rest divine.

♦♦♦

ESSENTIALS AND NON- ESSENTIALS.

By D. J., '90.

"WHAT can I do for you," asked Alexander, loaded with honors, of Diogenes sitting in his tub. "Don't stand between me and the sun," was the reply.

Evidently ideas of essentials vary. See yonder old house—bare front, low ell, and hip roof. Enter. Look from the five by seven paned windows of its spacious, square, front rooms. Imagine yourself seated before the large open fire or reading by the light of one

small candle. But what imposing structure is *this*? Broken roof, porticoes, arches, and curious windows without—within, the genial warmth of steam-pipes; the blazing light of gas-jets. Behold the reigning Queen Anne of to-day. Go in imagination to the Harvard College of a hundred years ago,—two or three modest buildings, a half-dozen professors, and a few score of students dilligently pursuing one prescribed course. Now visit the Harvard of to-day,—thirty fine buildings, a hundred and fifty instructors, two thousand students, large professional schools, and almost numberless electives. Go to the rooms of one of our foreign mission boards and listen to the examination of a candidate. Then recall that scene in Philippi and the words of Paul to the trembling jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

As civilization advances, so much do the ideas of essentials change. How important to distinguish the real essentials. We remember with pride Gen. Sherman's March to the Sea and its results, but what of that march had his soldiers stumbled under heavy baggage? Is not the packing of one's knapsack for the journey of life more important?

But what are the true essentials? Certainly not the same to every man. Place the poet in the chemist's laboratory with all the apparatus necessary to extort from Nature her most jealously guarded secrets. Can he find there what imagination craves? Winkelman, that bright German writer, regretfully exclaims: "God and

Nature wished to make me a painter. In spite of both I tried to be a parson. Now I am spoiled for either." As the violet seeks a shady bank while the sunflower follows the sun to receive its coarse beauty; as the eagle haunts the solitary cliff, while the sparrow builds its nest under a lowly shrub, so one man demands different conditions from another.

But certain deeper needs are shared by all. Intellectual culture is more essential than material luxuries. In yonder palace lives a millionaire attended by many servants and with fine horses at command. But there is a whisper of business troubles. The crash comes and our millionaire is destitute. Near him lives an humble scholar with richly stored mind. Stocks may fall, investments fail, banks burst; his treasures are untouched. The wise man, o'ertaken by robbers, begged only the magic mirror in which was revealed the hidden riches of the universe. The mind of the scholar is a mirror that reflects the richest thoughts of the ages.

But is this the highest? If so, what mean those victorious intellectual athletes that have acknowledged their victory incomplete, their prize unsatisfying? What sad failures seem such lives beside that of him who said "I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God"; and who exultingly exclaimed "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Down the ages come voices testifying to the great essential. The Son

of Man cries "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment." Rousseau, half skeptic, half believer, exclaims "Philosophy can do nothing that religion cannot do better"; and Carlyle earnestly calls "Love not pleasure; love God. This is the everlasting yea wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him." Love not pleasure; love God. We have reached the key-note in the harmony of life; the perfect design in the architecture. Simpler, now, is the cutting of the life-lines. The God-inspired man sees health and friends, riches, position, and power, as desirable, but not indispensable. He seeks in knowledge enrichment of his life, but not the victor's crown. His happiness comes not from outward circumstances, but from within. Having thus found the right end, the thread of life runs smoothly, as in those curiously woven balls that unwind so beautifully when one begins from the inside, but otherwise are sadly tangled.

Then, finally, in a happier fancy than that of the ancients, we may think of life, not as a thread awaiting an abrupt termination from the shears of Atropos, but as the silver cord, that, when loosed from earth, will be gently drawn within the gates of that city celestial whose builder and maker is God.

The trustees of Dartmouth have sent a circular letter to all the alumni who received pecuniary aid from the college while in attendance, asking them to repay the amount received if their circumstances permit.

 PROFESSOR STANLEY.

BY G. C. C., '68.

THE sad tidings of the death of Professor Richard C. Stanley have, doubtless, ere this reached every graduate of Bates. Each has felt the paralyzing shock of news so unexpected and so painful; the bewilderment of trying to identify his *Alma Mater* with a college in whose work the ever diligent professor can no longer share. Each has mourned the loss of a true friend, and has found himself absorbed in numberless reminiscences of the busy and beneficent life so suddenly snatched away.

Every graduate of Bates can recall with distinctness his first impressions of Prof. Stanley. For he was a man of marked personality. Nobody, having once seen him, could ever forget him or confound him with another. His person, gait, manner, and voice were unmistakable. Even his handwriting reflected his individuality. Wherever, in his many-sided life, a stranger first saw him—whether in his recitation-room, in his home, in the pulpit, in the prayer-room, or on the street—the picture left in the mind's eye was clear and definite.

In his case the outer man revealed the inner. For never was a person more truly what he seemed to be. His simplicity and sincerity were apparent, not only in his dress and bearing, but in all his words and acts. He never showed the least trace of vanity, and his ways were absolutely unstudied. He was conscious of pur-

poses thoroughly honest and never felt the necessity of any disguise. He had nothing to conceal and, therefore, respected himself. He never betrayed self-consciousness, but always seemed intent on the business in hand. No doubt this was one reason why he accomplished so well whatever he undertook. For he wasted no energy in the endeavor to make a display or to produce a favorable impression. He had an inborn respect for truth, and he could not easily realize that others might be insincere. Hence he habitually expected right conduct from students and when they disappointed him always seemed surprised and grieved. Nothing so aroused his indignation as unexpected deceit. He never cultivated tact, but used the most direct and open methods, whether dealing with business men or with students. To no man could the lines be more aptly applied:

"Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

He might not read a person correctly on first meeting him, but his final judgments were usually just.

In the best sense of the word, Professor Stanley was a practical man. One of the older graduates of Bates writes of him: "He was the practical man of the Faculty." He was never speculative. He always preferred to base his conclusions on actual results. Having adopted a method approved by experience, if he found it good, he was slow to change it, even when to others a change seemed desirable. He was very conservative, adhering to the maxim, "Hold fast that which is

good." He was practical in the etymological sense of the word—he knew how to do what was required. This was true, whether he was composing a sermon, or repairing an air pump. In thought he was clear and logical; in action he was skillful and effective. Every student at Bates has often seen him busily making over and putting in order the apparatus with which he illustrated his instruction in Physics. For the college, as for himself, he practiced a careful economy, making the scanty appropriations for his department go as far as possible. He constantly aimed at the best results attainable. For he was in no narrow sense a practical man.

Few men have felt in equal degree the responsibilities of life. To this fact was due the habitual seriousness of his manner. He carefully weighed matters to which many give little thought. He seldom acted from impulse, and his habit of deliberation wrought itself into his words, his enunciation, and his whole bearing. Every one who met him was impressed with his painstaking thought upon questions submitted to him for decision. Nor was the range of his cares narrow and personal. He was interested in whatever could affect the happiness of others. Nothing of moment in his neighborhood escaped his attention. His eyes were open to whatever promised improvement or threatened loss, and he felt a sense of personal responsibility for results that could in any way be affected by his influence or action.

He was intensely loyal to duty.

Motives of expediency had no weight with him when he had decided that a given course was right. He was never afraid to do what he ought. The writer of this sketch recalls an incident illustrative of this trait, occurring in the old days when college and preparatory school were still undivided. Parker Hall was the scene of the wildest disorder. It seemed to be in possession of a reckless mob. The teacher in charge of the young men had retreated, helpless and alarmed. Suddenly Professor Stanley entered and ran swiftly up the stairs, bidding the disturbers of the peace seek their rooms at once. In less than a minute the building was as quiet as if it had been untenanted. Perhaps no other occasion at Bates ever gave so ample proof of his promptness and energy. But a student could not know Professor Stanley long without being impressed by his unswerving fidelity to his sense of duty.

But while he felt most deeply the seriousness of life, and especially his responsibility as an instructor, he had a wealth of pure and worthy sentiment that rendered him one of the most genial and attractive of men. On occasion no one could laugh more heartily. Every one who has seen him in his classes will recall his enjoyment of those ludicrous episodes which so much enliven college days. His regard for decorum was unusually strong, but his quiet smile or suppressed laugh at such times will be vividly remembered.

In him the feeling of wonder, so characteristic of childhood and youth, remained in undiminished vigor to the

last. He had the healthy delight of a boy in whatever was new or strange. This trait is, perhaps, usually prominent in men devoted to scientific pursuits. To him it was exceedingly valuable, both for the zest that it gave to his studies, and for the welcome diversions that it brought to his busy and anxious life; and in society it made him one of the most charming of men.

Allied to this was his warm and frankly expressed admiration for excellence of whatever kind. He was always deeply impressed by any unusual manifestation of practical ability, of intellectual power, or of moral earnestness, and never failed to pay a hearty tribute to worth. He seemed quite as happy in the success of another as in his own.

His sympathies were quick and strong; and they were very broad. The want of another removed all barriers. The genuineness of his sympathy was manifest in its unobtrusiveness. The injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," was the dictate of his own heart. Always a prudent man, careful about his own expenses and frugal in all his arrangements, he was never sparing toward those in need. His gifts were generous. He made it a principle to give, and he gave cheerfully—even joyfully. A home-loving man, he felt home doubly dear to him because it enabled him to extend hospitality to others. His sympathy with struggling students was constantly manifested in the most helpful ways. Probably no other college professor in the world ever equaled him in the

amount of time and thought expended in helping needy students to obtain employment. The letters written by him during his twenty-three years at Bates, in behalf of students and graduates seeking places to teach, must be numbered by thousands. The friends that he made, he retained—his affection growing more tender each year. His standard of integrity was very high. He was strict with himself and with others. Yet when he found men true, his delight in them was unreserved and constant.

But the molding forces of his life were the spiritual. Professor Stanley was deeply and thoroughly a religious man. Reverence was the strongest element in his character. He revered the Bible. Few men have studied it more earnestly or accepted its teachings more unhesitatingly. His expositions of the Scriptures were remarkably clear. He revered the faith of his childhood. His wonderfully inquiring mind, so on the alert for truth, seemed to pause when it came to the precincts of religion. He felt that he was entering holy ground, and questioning gave place to reverent awe. For this reason, he could not well understand the doubts and struggles of minds differently constituted. Yet his habitual Christian candor led him to the exercise of a broad charity. It was only what seemed to him open irreverence that he could not endure. This shocked his whole being, producing a strong revulsion of feeling toward the offender. Yet he never set creeds above character; and his helpful life and his quick sympathy with human

want and with everything that could benefit his fellows, showed what religion meant to him.

Professor Stanley's connection with Bates was nearly contemporaneous with what may be called the first era in the life of the college—the era of poverty and incessant struggle. Every thoughtful student of the institution's history cannot but regard him as a providential man. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the college could have maintained its existence without him, or where it could have found another teacher equal to the demands of his position. The department assigned him required both breadth and accuracy of scholarship, and he combined them in a degree seldom equaled.

Compelled to occupy the ground ordinarily divided between two or three specialists, he succeeded not only in imparting instruction that commanded respect, but also in giving to his students scholarly ideals and high purposes. He came, too, fully prepared to appreciate the aims and the peculiar mission of the college. Scores of successful young men, as they read this sketch, will ask themselves how they could have obtained a liberal education but for the practical helpfulness of Professor Stanley. Few men could have successfully taught the difficult studies committed to him with only the most meager apparatus at his disposal. Few could have added to the special qualifications required for his department his large knowledge of English Literature, of Political Economy, and of mental and moral science. Very few have the willing spirit with which,

when his associates were ill or absent, he added their labors to his own. His presence at the institution won for it the respect of his numerous scholarly friends, and helped to give it rank among Eastern colleges. His able sermons and addresses, delivered in the best communities in New England, attracted popular attention to Bates, and increased the number of its students. He has done a work that, so far as human eyes can see, could have been done by no other man.

It is sad that he could not live longer to enjoy the fruit of his labors. Help was speedily coming to him through a division of his department. The new Chemical Laboratory, so much the object of his thoughts, was fast rising on the college campus. His scanty salary had just been increased. He seemed ready to enter upon the new era awaiting the college, with strength unabated. But no, his is the honor that belongs to pioneers and founders; his the reward available only through faith.

It was his to see the college for which he had done so much assured of permanence. Still, however, it requires toils and sacrifices. And it can attain that large and honorable measure of usefulness which its graduates and friends desire for it, only through the self-denial, earnestness. And persistent industry of which Professor Stanley will always be remembered as a conspicuous example.

The really good are those who are good unconsciously.

THE RAIN FAIRIES.

By M. S. M.

I stood by my window this morning,
When the skies were overcast,
And down from the folds of dusky cloud
The rain was falling fast.

The drenched green earth was passive
'Neath the blows of the beating drops,
And the chill wind crept through the drip-
ping trees
Till they shivered to their tops.

But soon the rain pattered more softly,
The wind rose wild and high,
And tore away the curtain of cloud
From the smiling face of the sky.

And thro' its rent folds, on a sudden,
A flood of sunshine poured,
And one beam pierced through the trees'
dense green
Like the blade of a golden sword.

It fell on the drops that were trembling
On every leaf and spray,
And the air was a-glitter as if with gems—
Were the fairies passing that way,

And scattering down their jewels
O'er the grass and the branches green?
For surely those that were sparkling there
Were fit for a fairy queen.

And behold! 'mid the flash and glitter
That dazzled the summer air,
As soft and light as a feather floats,
Came sailing a gossamer car;

On its cushions of snowy sea-fog
Sat smiling a lovely elf,
In a robe bespangled with gleaming gems
As bright as the sun itself.

As the glittering thing sailed past me
It changed to a rain-drop bright,
And, as it fell, glanced out at me
The saucy face of a sprite.

As I lifted my eyes next moment,
Another face, quaint and queer,
Peeped out of an empty sparrow's nest
On the branch of a lilac near.

It glanced at me with a knowing look
Then whisked away like a flash,
And down on the pansy bed below
A big drop fell with a splash.

Then an elf in yellow and scarlet—
How he came there I could not tell—
Danced a jig on a leaf till he vanished away,
And another raindrop fell.

Then I caught a glimpse of a pageant,
As the hues of the rainbow bright,
That, over a bridge the sunbeams wove,
Passed, dream-like, out of sight.

And a miniature world sailed past me,
Transparent as is the air,
And I saw in its depths as it passed away
Bright castles and gardens fair.

You will say, of course, I was dreaming,
That the sunshine dazzled my eyes
When I saw the curious elfin sights;
No doubt you have theories wise.

But I found in the pansy bed below
The jewels they scattered there,
Bright drops of liquid silver and gold
And fragments of crystal rare.

So I shall believe in my fairy folk
In spite of whatever you say,
And I watch for them when from a dark-
ened sky
The rain-clouds clear away.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SKY.

By A. N. P., '90.

THE voice of nature is attuned to
human ears. Cliff and pebble,
brook and ocean, withering flower and
eternal pine unite in the grand sym-
phony; but only in the sky does it
resound with fullness, for there alone is
nature untouched by human hands. On
the golden crown of childhood and the
silvered guerdon of many years it
sheds its flood of melody that changes
only as the receptive mind develops.

It speaks to childhood. Even now I
see a country home, the tufted grass
beneath the drooping elms, a barefoot
boy; around it all the quiet of a Sun-
day afternoon. Over the rippling river,
beyond the swelling hills of pine, along

the southern horizon, float the ever-changing, pictured clouds. The message of their beauty falls on that innocent soul, and recalls him to "that imperial palace whence he came." Thus his mind early learns to appreciate the beautiful, as they only can who have read the sky from boyhood's days. He finds its beauty reflected in every flower and grass-blade. Each day he reads a grander truth above and finds its counterpart below; for he who apprehends the thought of highest things will find the same epitomized in the least.

It speaks to battling youth. He hopes to find his sky-garnered ideals true in others, dares to embody them in himself. But everywhere the waves of evil toss and heave, leaving no calm surface to reflect the sky. Impurity of thought and purpose, word and action overwhelms him. Nothing resembles his former life save the o'er-arching blue. In those white-rolling clouds, he sees that country home, he feels a sister's love, he hears a mother's prayer. They say, "Be true, be pure, in all this foulness live, find, and create purity." That is its message. A deep look into the sky will always banish impure thoughts.

In this power exulting, he seizes the sin-thrown gauntlet. In the struggle of early manhood he bears the snow-banner of purity. That he may keep it spotless, the guardian heavens breathe in his ear a yet grander inspiration. Wearied, in evening solitude, he watches the stars on-rolling with resistless might. They figure to his mind the conserved power of the Infinite.

Where the great sun stood still, where angels heralded the coming of the universal King, where Constantine beheld the gleaming cross and the command of promise, "By this conquer;" he reads, I gave you beauty for childhood, purity for youth. In manhood's need, I grant you manhood's glory—strength. How their grand motion, breathing of eternity as nothing lower may, inspires him to noble warfare! This deep note of power chords with the beautiful and pure, and through his life resounds and thrills like the great heart throbs of God. Oh wondrous thought! The power that drives the constellations, works in the little heaven of the human mind.

But when old age creeps on, and the battle is yet unfinished, despair grips him fast. Evening is coming on, and the sky, his encouragement and promise, should now be bidding the sun a calm good-night. But, as if in alliance with his despondency, "a horror of great darkness" overcasts the west. Thick, and black, and turbid with evil force, have risen those fair white clouds that breathed of beauty and of purity. Among the heaving masses, lightnings leap, and thunders roll. The rain drives down against his home, as if the whole artillery of heaven were turned upon this gray, defenceless head. But, listen! In the culmination of the storm, a something whispers, "Wait," Its fury lulls, the clouds and thunders hurry past like an enemy in retreat, and from the glowing west "a sunbeam strikes along the world." The beating rain sparkles, a million jewels, and away on the other hand is raised the

covenanted arch. The sun drops low; the rainbow fades; and in the clear sky, blue with promise, appear the star-eyed evening flocks of heaven whose unseen Shepherd saith, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." So shall this turmoil pass, and right victorious reign; for know:

"There is no calm like that when storm is done;

"No peace so deep as that by struggle won."

This is the message traced by that mighty Hand upon the broad blue scroll. Oh, read it, feel it, live it; for beauty is written in its varying forms and colors; purity in its unfathomed depths; peace in the twilight calm; and, everywhere and always, God.

CHARACTER A GROWTH, NOT A MECHANISM.

By W. E. K., '89.

IN yonder grassy lawn stands a beautiful house. The taste of the architect is seen in the graceful proportions and in the harmonious embellishments. Beauty is reflected from tower and minaret. Wisdom is displayed in the adaptation of the parts to the pleasure and comfort of the inmates. Its materials, gathered from forest and quarry, were brought together, and by the hands of skillful workmen, were combined with most pleasing effect.

Near by stands the stalwart tree. Perhaps a century ago it was a little twig scarcely showing its head above the grass. But now it is the lofty elm with towering branches forming a graceful covering from the rays of a summer's sun and ministering to the delight of all.

The house is a mechanism, the wood and iron, the brick and stone are just what they were before mechanical skill wrought them into such pleasure inspiring forms. Here is no work of assimilation, no evidence of organic action, no vital development but simply an aggregation of parts skillfully combined.

The tree is a growth, no combination of parts by mechanical skill, no union by addition of dissimilar materials but an internal development by vital organic action.

By the mysterious laws of life the tree has grown. Life in the tree has taken appropriate food and assimilated it to its own nature, thus promoting the growth and preserving the identity of the original organism. The laws of the spiritual world are simply those of the natural world extended, and the tree teaches an impressive object lesson concerning the formation of character.

Like the tree, character is not an aggregation of heterogenous parts pervious to every disintegrating influence, but an organic entity. It is a living structure feeding on its appropriate food and assimilating it so as to preserve its individuality.

As the rootlets of the tree stretch out in every direction for food to meet its wants, so character has an appetency for mental emanations. These it gathers in and by the mysterious laws of life assimilates to the living organism that feeds upon them. For character is the spiritual body of its possessor, and as such is supported by the effluences of other minds, human and divine. These it appropriates,

assimilating them to its own spiritual tissue. The quality of this tissue, as of all products of growth, is determined by the nature of the food assimilated. As the physical condition and animal nature of man depends largely on the food supply, so the spiritual condition of character depends largely on the intellectual and moral nature of the minds from which it derives its nourishment.

As our minds are brought in contact with strong cultured natures, and we receive from them not only moral and intellectual truths but inspiring influences, character feeds upon and transmutes these into faculty and power, into working materials. We cannot more lose the benefit of these through the imperfection of memory than we can lose the benefit of a good dinner after it has become assimilated into blood and bone, into muscle and brain, though we should forever forget the kind of food that was set before us.

But if the processes by which it is formed show character to be a growth, no less is this shown by its permanence. Any mere mechanical combination, however curious or skillful, may be easily separated and recombined into new forms and subserving entirely different purposes. But you cannot take the product of growth and separate its parts and recombine without destroying its organic nature. You may take the tree and separate it into fragments and recombine it in curious and skillful ways, but you destroy its nature. It is no longer a tree. The vitality which produced its growth is gone.

So with character: you cannot take it to pieces and recombine when you may desire. It is the product of life, the result of growth, and it defies all efforts at reconstruction.

An inspired philosopher has said: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots, then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil." Character resists change as stubbornly as the pigment that paints the Ethiopian's cheek or colors the leopard's skin. Even God can change character only through his own laws of life and growth. So permanent is character that in all its transformations that mysterious something, called personality, remains unchanged.

It is said that every particle of the body is changed once in seven years, so that the man who has lived his allotted threescore and ten years, has had ten entirely new bodies and yet as the effete particles have been thrown off and new ones taken their place until all have been changed, the mysterious law of life and growth has preserved his identity and individuality complete. He has changed and yet not changed.

The same is true of character—the spiritual body. Because it is a life, a growth, its personality remains through all changes. It may at one time be puny, at another strong; at one time good, at another bad, but the unquenchable fiery atom of personality remains intact—unchanged and unchangeable—the sure basis of our eternal identity. What but life and growth could present such a mystery?

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following arrived too late for our Commencement number, but it is so good we cannot forbear to insert it here.—ED.]

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 24, 1889.

Dear Student:

Bates, you see, is a live institution even out here in this wheat country. We are going to have a large Alumni Association here, and, before long, two more flags will float side by side with the emblem of the United States that waves on the top of the Rocky Mountains, and those will be the pennants of the *Bates Base-ball Association* and the Bates College Alumni Association of the Northwest. *Hurrah for Bates and hurrah for its base-ball nine! Boom-a-la-ka!!* Very truly yours,

EDWIN A. MERRILL, '86.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 24, 1889.

To the Editors of the *Bates Student*:

For several months it has been apparent to the members of the Bates alumni residing in the Northwest that the influence of our *Alma Mater* in this part of the country is now strong enough to merit recognition, there being already twenty—and perhaps more—graduates of Bates residing in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota. Desiring, therefore, to further the interests of the college as much as possible and to become better acquainted with one another, several of the alumni, residents of Minneapolis, St. Paul, and vicinity, met at the residence of Rev. A. H. Heath, in St. Paul, on the 22d inst., and formed a permanent organization under the name of the "Bates

College Alumni Association of the Northwest."

The meeting was a very enjoyable occasion, and after such an auspicious beginning, our Northwestern Association is sure to thrive. The first annual meeting will be held next fall in Minneapolis at some time during the Exposition.

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. A. H. Heath, '67; Vice President, B. T. Hathaway, '77; Secretary, E. A. Merrill, '86; Treasurer, J. F. Keene, '74; Executive Committee, Rev. A. H. Heath, '67; J. W. Smith, '77; J. F. Merrill, '82; W. C. Leavitt and E. A. Merrill, '86.

SECRETARY.

LOCALS.

Welcome, '93.

Fifty new faces.

Where is the band?

Nickerson tolls the bell.

Field-day the last of this month.

The Polymnians have adopted a society yell.

The prospect of base-ball is much better than was expected.

Hartshorn seems to be beneficial to the Seniors and Juniors.

Thirteen girls in the Freshman class. This makes thirty-nine in the institution.

Quite a large number of the students were out at work during State Fair Week.

The Hedge Laboratory will soon be

finished. Other improvements are also going on.

Prof. (in Zoölogy)—“Mr. G., you may define Odontography.” (Prompter on back seat)—“*O-don't-ography.*”

The new building is probably called the laboratory because so much time is spent in doing a little labor upon it.

Student (in Psychology)—“Is it possible to tell what you don't know?” Prof.—“If it was it would take you forever.”

W. F. Ham, '91, and mother, have left Lewiston for New York, where they will live. Mr. Ham leaves many warm friends at Bates.

“How this Saturday forenoon has gone,” said one of the girls at the base-ball game. “Wouldn't it be nice if we could sail across the 180th meridian and have two Saturdays?”

This is what the Seniors are learning. It is direct from the lips of their professor, too. “If I know, I know that I know, but I may think that I know if I do not know, don't you know.”

The “Freshman kitten,” which was recently admitted into the Senior class in Psychology, proved to be one of its most wideawake members, and all agree that if she would attend recitations a little more regularly she would stand a good chance of gaining first honor in that profound science.

W. F. Garcelon, W. H. Woodman, and Miss M. V. Wood, of the Senior class, and A. D. Pinkham, of the Junior class, have taken a course at the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard College, this vacation, and are to be

our instructors in the gymnasium this fall, beginning in about four weeks.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—How do you find the exact position of the North Pole?” Mr. D.—“Take two observations of the Polar Star at intervals of twelve hours—(hesitating). Prof.—“Why do that?” Mr. D.—“Because the star will be at equal distances from where it ought to be.”

The class game of base-ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played September 7th. The Sophs. won by a score of eight to nothing, and filled the air with “ni-ne-ty-two, siss-de-ah-de-rik-a-boo.” The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Sophomores,	0	2	1	0	4	0	0	1	0	—8
Freshmen,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Every student who wishes to take part in the field-day sports should join the Athletic Association at once; for all the field-day exercises, and even the gymnasium exhibition are under the direction of the Athletic Association, and no student who is not a member of the Association is allowed to compete in any of the field-day exercises.

The Faculty advised, not long since, that if any receptions were held this term at the college, they should (with the exception of the Y. M. C. A. reception) be held on the third floor of Hathorn Hall, with no outlay of time, strength, or money for decorations or refreshments, and that they should close at 10.30 p.m. at the latest. The society meetings should be over at 10 p.m. Wise advice and it was not given before it was needed.

Earned runs—Bates 6. Two-base hits—Pennell, Putnam, Whitcomb. Three-base hits—Garcelon, Pennell. Base on balls—by Smith, 2; Wilson, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Blake. Struck out—by Smith, 4; Wilson, 9. Passed balls—Emery, 2. Time of game—1h. 45m. Umpires—Broker and Brown.

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PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'68.—G. C. Emery, master in the Boston Latin School, is one of the authors of "The Academic Algebra" of Eaton and Bradbury's Mathematical series.

'69.—Rev. L. C. Graves has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church at East Tilton, N. H.

'69.—G. B. Files, for many years principal of the Augusta High School, has accepted the position of master in the Lewiston High School.

'70.—L. G. Jordan has been elected Professor of Chemistry in Bates College. Prof. Jordan has leave of absence for one year and has sailed for Europe.

'73.—J. P. Marston, for the past six years principal of the high school in Rockland, has been elected principal of the high school at Biddeford. There were forty applicants for the position.

'73.—E. P. Sampson has been re-elected principal of the Saco High School. Mr. Sampson and Mr. Marston were room-mates while in college.

'73.—News has been received of the death of Mrs. Dennett, wife of Prof. I. C. Dennett, Ph.D., of the State University, Boulder, Colorado. Her death occurred July 14th, at Chicago, where she was for medical treatment. Prof. Dennett belonged to the class of '73.

'73.—L. C. Jewell, of Sabatis, is about to move to Auburn, where he will engage in the practice of his profession.

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church in Dover, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood, Ph.D., Yale, has been elected instructor of Greek in Bates College.

'76.—I. C. Phillips, who has for eleven years been principal of Wilton Academy, has been appointed superintendent of public schools at Ashland, Mass., and vicinity.

'79.—M. C. Smart has been elected principal of Stevens High School, at Claremont, N. H.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnett, of East Cambridge, Mass., has accepted a call to the Bates Street Universalist Church of Lewiston.

'80.—Mrs. L. W. Harris (Robinson) died at the home of her mother in West Minot, on July 31st.

'80.—Mrs. E. H. Sawyer (Leland) is superintendent of schools in Chester-ville, Me.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has been elected a member of the Lewiston school board.

'81.—J. H. Parsons has been elected principal of the Augusta High School.

'81.—J. E. Holton has been elected principal of the Normal Department of Maine Central Institute.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs has accepted the principalship of the high school at Canton, Mass.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Everett, Mass.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, formerly of Au-

burn, principal of the Jersey City Schools, spent his summer vacation in Europe.

'81.—C. V. Emerson is city solicitor of Lewiston.

'83.—H. O. Dorr, has been elected principal of Patten Academy, Patten, Maine.

'83.—F. E. Foss was married June 6th, at Oak Park, Ill., to Miss Mittie Hanscom. Mr. Foss is the civil engineer of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railroad Co., and will reside in St. Paul.

'83.—Miss E. S. Bickford, who has been for several years teaching in Pennell Institute, has been elected assistant in the high school in Biddeford.

'85.—C. T. Walter, of the *St. Johnsbury* (Vt.) *Republican* is to erect a large and handsome building for his paper.

'86.—J. W. Goff has accepted the position of teacher of Latin and Mathematics in the State Normal School of South Dakota, the trustees having offered him \$1,600 a year.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson has accepted the principalship of the Westbrook High School.

'86.—C. E. Stevens has resigned his position as sub-master in the Lewiston High School to accept the principalship of the high school in Attleboro, Mass.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn has been elected Instructor of Physics and Geology in Bates College.

'86.—I. H. Storer has been elected principal of the high school in Upton, Mass.

'87.—A. S. Woodman won the State Championship in singles in the recent

tennis tournament at Portland and received the prize racket and cup. Mr. Woodman is studying law in the office of Hon. Wm. L. Putnam of Portland.

'87.—Prof. J. Bailey, late of Talladega College, Alabama, has just returned from a vacation trip in Europe.

'87.—W. C. Buck has been elected principal of the high school at Lisbon.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins has accepted the principalship of the high school at Orange, Mass.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler has been elected to the position of sub-master of the Lewiston High School.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts, teacher of Latin and Greek in the High School at Pawtucket, R. I., was married July 20th, to Miss Lizzie Thomas of Sabatis.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb is to teach in the high school at Mankato, Minn.

'88.—W. S. Dunn is elected principal of Booneville Academy, Booneville, Kentucky.

'88.—J. H. Johnson is elected principal of the high school at Charlestown, N. H.

'88.—R. A. Parker is elected principal of the high school at New Market, N. H.

'89.—F. M. Buker is teaching in Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'89.—A. B. Call has been elected principal of the high school in Henniker, N. H.

'89.—F. J. Daggett has been elected teacher in the Friend's School, Providence, R. I.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson has been elected to a Mathematical Scholarship in Clark University with flattering rec-

ognition of his proficiency in that department. Mr. Hutchinson goes to Derby, Vt., this year as principal of Derby Academy.

'89.—C. J. Emerson is principal of Warner Academy, Warner, N. H.

'89.—Miss H. A. Given has been elected assistant in the Ellsworth High School.

'89.—W. E. Kinney has accepted the position of principal of West Lebanon Academy.

'89.—H. L. Knox is principal of the high school in New Portland.

'89.—G. H. Libby occupies the position of principal of the academy at Foxcroft, Me.

'89.—Miss M. S. Little is assistant in the academy at Warner, N. H.

'89.—F. W. Newell is principal of Boston Asylum and Farm School, Thompson's Island. P. O. address, Box 1486, Boston, Mass.

'89.—Miss L. E. Plumstead is teacher of German and English in Maine Central Institute.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is principal of the high school in Wells, Me.

'89.—Miss Blanche A. Wright has been elected assistant in the Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

'89.—A. L. Safford and Mrs. Susan (Norton) Safford are teachers in Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

'89.—H. W. Small has been elected principal of the Industrial Department in the Slater School, Knoxville, Tenn., at a salary of \$1,000.

Following are the names of the Freshmen and their fitting schools:

H. B. Adams, Danville Junction, Nichols Latin School.

Miss A. G. Bailey, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

R. S. Baker, West Harwich, Mass., Nichols Latin School.

Miss A. L. Bean, Gray, Pennell Institute.

K. C. Brown, East Wilton, Wilton Academy.

Miss C. G. Callahan, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

G. R. Cate, Northwood Ridge, N. H., Northwood Seminary.

W. A. Chambers, New Windsor, Md., Nichols Latin School.

G. M. Chase, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

Miss H. D. Church, Deerfield, N. H., New Hampton (N. H.) Institute.

J. F. Cobb, East Poland, Auburn High School.

Miss G. P. Conant, Littleton, Mass., Littleton High School.

W. M. Costley, Mount Pleasant, Md., Nichols Latin School.

E. A. Crockett, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

W. M. Dutton, Farmington, Farmington High School.

I. F. Fanning, Quebec, Nichols Latin School.

C. W. P. Foss, Biddeford, Biddeford High School.

Miss L. F. Goff, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

Miss G. E. Gould, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

E. L. Haynes, Kennebunkport, Biddeford High School.

G. C. Hight, Athens, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. J. Hodgdon, Nashua, N. H., Nashua High School.

F. L. Hoffman, Melrose, Mass., Melrose High School.

Miss R. Hutchinson, Auburn, Auburn High School.

A. P. Irving, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

A. B. Libby, Litchfield Corner, Nichols Latin School.

Miss C. B. Little, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

D. B. Lothrop, Chesterville, Maine Central Institute.

G. L. Mason, West Lebanon, Lebanon Academy.

W. C. Marden, Swanville, Maine Central Institute.

G. L. Mildram, Wells, North Berwick High School.

L. E. Moulton, North New Portland, North Anson Academy.

Miss M. E. Nowell, Lewiston, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. A. Peabody, Hermon, Nichols Latin School.

E. L. Pennell, Gray, Nichols Latin School.

F. E. Perkins, Ogunquit, Francistown (N. H.) Academy.

W. F. Sims, Rippon, W. Va., Nichols Latin School.

E. W. Small, Biddeford, Biddeford High School.

C. C. Spratt, East Palermo, Maine Central Institute.

M. W. Stickney, Brownville, Nichols Latin School.

Miss E. S. Strout, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

R. A. Sturges, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

J. Sturgis, Auburn, Auburn High School.

F. C. Watson, Auburn, Auburn High School.

E. J. Winslow, Barton Landing, Vt., Lyndon Institue, Vt.

J. I. Woodworth, Richmond, Nichols Latin School.

Miss M. G. Wright, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.

A. C. Yeaton, Rochester, N. H., Rochester High School.

EXCHANGES.

Our last exchanges are for the most part Commencement numbers, filled with the valedictories of '89. They take a parting look over the four years of college fellowship, and an earnest gaze into the future to scan the new friends and fields of work. But the eloquence of Commencement day has become a part of the great past, unless some mind of real originality had drawn an inspiration from something deeper than books, and then gave it to those who were eager for some new

word. Let us see what the papers of our Maine colleges have to report.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has the largest number. Forty-seven pages are well filled with the records of '89's college work and its change of life as the members pass to the more real work of the every-day world outside of college halls. There are many earnest words in editorial and oration which might well be an inspiration to any student; for example: "It is true that work, steady and earnest work, is the core of life; but it is necessary for the ideal character that there be a sprinkling of sentiment." These words from President Hyde's sermon have the true ring: "So let there be first of all strict truthfulness in all you think and speak and write. Be broad, brave men. Stand ready to be misunderstood and maligned by both extremes of error, if so you may hold fast the golden mean of truth." Again from the class oration: "It is entirely in the power of educated men, by their neglect, to allow the demon of self-interest to obtain possession of the government; or, by being ever mindful of her welfare, to transmit the nation a glorious inheritance to posterity." And yet, despite all this, there is an undercurrent not wholly commendable. It reveals a lower way of regarding the realities of life, both in and out of college, which no fair theories can conceal. We should be glad to see the local character of the paper on as high a plane as the literary.

The *Colby Echo* is not so distinctively a Commencement number. In the editorial column a just pride is shown in the material prosperity of the college

and their healthy athletic interest. There are two articles of literary criticism followed by a brief exposition of a new doctrine of spiritualism. This is an amusing caricature of the spiritualist's absurd claims, though ostensibly a review of a pamphlet entitled "The Tail of the World." If the author has a literary mission it is surely in a line with Edward Bellamy's exaggerations.

The *Maine State Cadet* has just passed into the hands of a new board of editors, and we wish them all the success of which their first number gives promise. We may be pardoned for copying this compliment to our nine from an editorial on base-ball: "To you, members of the Bates team, we offer our congratulations, and we resign this position to you with a cheerful spirit that can appreciate a just claim by a brilliant record to the honors of the victors."

BOOK NOTICES.

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Daniel Putnam, M.A. A. S. Barnes & Company, publishers. New York and Chicago.

This work is intended for the use of high and normal schools, and it seems admirably fitted for that purpose. The language is plain and the sentences are not complex. Most authors of works of this character in trying to make themselves very explicit succeed in making themselves very obscure. The author does not claim any originality of thought, but he has certainly shown originality in the disposal of his subject matter. At the end of each chap-

ter there is a summary of all topics taken up. There is also left a blank leaf on which notes may be made. The topics are discussed in a plain logical manner. The book is such as to recommend itself in the schools for which it was intended.

ENGLISH HISTORY. By Contemporary Writers. The Crusades of Richard I. Selected and arranged by T. A. Archer, B.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This work deals with the history of the crusades as given by writers of that period. To the close student it may be of worth, but to the ordinary reader it seems like going through a good deal of matter to get a little substance. The language and style seem grandiloquent and superfluous. Whether this is characteristic of all writers of that period or is owing to the selections of the author, we do not know. Many incidents are represented by both Saracen and English historians and even again by French, thus giving a double and sometimes triple account. There are many interesting things in the book, but for ordinary reading much of it could be dispensed with.

PRINCIPALS OF PROCEDURE IN DELIBERATIVE BODIES. By George Glover Crocker. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This is really an excellent little book and may well take its place beside many older books of its kind. It gives a clear and graphic description of the laws that should govern deliberative assemblies.

La Société Française au Dixseptieme Siècle. By T. F. Crane, A.M., Professor of Romance Languages in Cornell University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. New York and London.

This is a small book of 350 pages. It is a compilation from French writers of the seventeenth century, intended, as the preface says, "To give a picture of a period in the social history of France." The work is planned for use in schools and colleges; but the introduction, together with the full notes, will make it a valuable help to any student of French life and manners.

MEMORY TRAINING. By William L. Evans, M.A. A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers. New York.

The volume claims to be "*A complete and practical system for developing and confirming the memory.*" The author offers no new discovery, but only aims to aid those who wish to cultivate their memories. Whether his "helps" are of practical value or not, only trial will determine. He has certainly written a readable book, and one which we think might give many hints for strengthening and training a poor memory.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The President of Columbia receives a larger salary than any other president in the country.

There are nearly 5,000 students in attendance at the various colleges and universities in Boston.—*Ex.*

But Tokio, Japan has 80,000.

So much dissatisfaction was manifested by a portion of the Cornell Freshman Class, because the Sage maidens were invited to join the class banquet that the president decided to withdraw the invitations and have only gentlemen present.—*Ex.*

A Methodist university has been established in Ogden, Utah. A \$25,000 building is to be erected at once.

The class of 1879, of Princeton, is having made a high-relief bronze of Dr. McCosh at a cost of \$13,000. It is the design of Augustus St. Gaudens, and the artist says that it is one of the best things he has ever done. It will probably be placed in the Marquand Chapel.

The Faculty of DePauw has at last recognized the disadvantages of the system of prizes and prize contests, declares it essentially vicious in its effects, and discourages all efforts to increase the prize lists.

There are three hundred students studying at German universities with the special purpose of adopting Christian mission work among the Jews.

After holding the office for seventeen years, President Robinson, of Brown University, has resigned.

Rev. Bradford P. Raymond, Ph.D., D.D., formerly President of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, was inaugurated President of Wesleyan University, Connecticut, last Commencement Day.

The Stanford University of California has ordered from Clark & Sons, Cambridge, Mass., a lens for their new telescope, which is to be forty inches in diameter. There is also another large observatory to be erected at the University of Los Angeles, with a telescope having a clear aperture of forty-two inches. Thus California will have the three largest observatories in the world.

POETS' CORNER.

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH.

Softly stealing o'er the balmy twilight air of
fragrant June,

Comes a music without measure, comes a carol
without tune;

Yet those notes so grandly swelling,
Of a magic power telling,
Are the sweetest notes that ever soared to
greet the rising moon.

Vainly does a human effort strive to mock that
simple strain;

Vainly either string or air-pipe vibrates in that
full, rich vein—

There's a wealth of gushing gladness,
Dashed with faintest trace of sadness,
And a dreamy far-off quaver, naught may
bring to life again.

How it tells of God's own bounty planted in
that tiny breast,

Of the bliss that passeth knowledge, where the
weary are at rest;

For the gates of heaven open,
And the birds' song is a token
That some time to sinful mortal shall such
joy be manifest.

When amid the forest shadows, drinking in
that sylvan sound,

Ah, what faint and fickle mem'ry flits my
struggling senses round!

Deepest in my soul's recesses,
Thrills a something it possesses,
That existed e'er my spirit left the unknown,
earthward bound.

Slowly fade the swaying tree tops, and to my
enraptured ear,

Enters not the wind's soft sighing or the
breathing of the sphere.

I can feel that love so bright,
I can see the radiant light,
And again in highest ecstasy the praising
angels hear. —Cadet.

TO THE FATES.

When the sun's warm tints are glowing,
O'er the fields their splendor throwing,—
When the world awakes to song,
And the day is never long,—
Hold the distaff firmly then!
Clotho, guard the weal of men!

When the fibres fast are flying,
Forming knots there's no untying;
In the surging noon-day life
On the broad, sweet field of strife,—
Fair Lachesis, strengthen me!
Let thy spinning careful be!

When the shadows, darkly lying,
Tell that day and song are dying;
In December's snowy swoon,
While I build as I have hewn,—
Atropos, when joy has fled,
Haste to cut the weakened thread!

—Dartmouth Lit.

PARLIAMENTARY.

We've been holding weekly meetings
At the house of my dear Bess,
And to-night I send her greetings,
For they've been a great success.

Weighty things we've been deciding,
In our little meetings there,
I, of course, have been presiding,
That's to say, I've held the chair.

But last night the session ended
In a very pleasant way,
When the conversation tended
To the power of love to-day.

And to end the great congestion
Of our thoughts, I said, "Dear Bess,
Are you ready for the question?"
And she sweetly answered, "Yes."
—Brunonian.

STOLEN FRUITS.

A kiss is as sweet as a rose,
When you pluck it in secret, I ween;
If you take it when nobody knows,
A kiss is as sweet as a rose;
But the delicate flavor all goes
To the winds if the taking is seen.
A kiss is as sweet as a rose,
If you pluck it in secret, I ween.

—Dartmouth Lit.

SHORTEST AND LONGEST.

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way:
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day—you were away—
The very next day after.

—Century.

POT-POURRI.

Fresh.—“Don't you think, Miss—, that my moustaches are becoming?”
Miss—“They may *be coming*, but they haven't got here yet.”

Where are you going my little prep,
With eager face and hastened step?
And what doth mean this monstrous jug,
With which you bravely seem to tug?
We go away far o'er the hill,
To visit Dustin's cider mill;
Then each of us will take a pull,
The jug will be empty and we'll be full.

It makes a man just a little bit mad to ask him “Why is a magpie like a writing desk?”—and then after letting him slave over it for five minutes, get to a safe distance and tell him “It isn't.” Its like rubbing a cat the wrong way, or like telling a Freshman he is not essential to the welfare of the universe. Try it.—*Ex.*

“My sweetheart is a student in a famous female college,
And though I do not think she'll win particular renown
In any special study, or be noted for her knowledge,
I'm certain that she's charming in her college cap and gown.

That the costume's fascinating there's no reason for concealing,
I think my love more beautiful when in it she appears;
But when I steal a kiss from her, how funny is the feeling
When the edges of the mortar board are tickling my ears.” —*Lasell Leaves.*

Minister (to Johnny on his knee)—
“Where do we find any mention of gambling in the Bible?” Johnny—
“In the story of David.” Minister—
“What! When did David ever gamble?” Johnny—“When he took four

kings from the Philistines.”—*Drake's Magazine.*

First Pullman Porter—“Whad's yo' ser nervous 'bout, Johns'n?” Second Porter—“I's a quartah out: da's wad I's narvous 'bout. Done blacked a pah ob my own boots by mistake fer dat nabob's in d' fo'th section.”—*Judge.*

VARIOUS.

“Through tangled coppers of the Not,
And forests of the Where,
I've sought the Whenceness of the What,
Nor found my Alfred There.

'Mid jungles of the Hereless When
The Thusness rends my brain,
To think the Wasness of the Then
May never come again.

So let the Itness of the Which
Unto the Isness bow,
And sink the Whyness, Was, 'and Sich,'
In Howness of the Now.” —*Exchange.*

Professor—“Mr. Smartly, you may translate the next passage.” Student—
“Nay, indeed, by Zeus, on the one hand accordingly nevertheless, he said that on the other hand moreover he was also without doubt forsooth at least in truth yet — Professor—“That is very good, Mr. Smartly. That will do.” —*College Journal.*

A young man recently received a letter with the following contents: “my diere Ser, i set my selft to rite yu to let you no how i is. i Am well in helt but not so well in mine. i am pestered about yu. mr—yu has gone back on me, an whi i Nows it so wel i ritt tu yu and yu hasnt ansird it. i thinks of yu ever daye and while yu is so fur away an others has my cumpny tis yu that has my hart, for my my pen is bad.”

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